

THE COLLEGIAN



St. Joseph's College

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



APRIL, 1931

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BEATRICE

To thee, oh, Sanctifying Grace sublime!
Are due the thanks for inspirations grand
From which there rose a comedy Divine
That tells how souls fare in a deathless clime.
Naught but thy glory can transcend all time,
As vowed the Muse who led that mighty hand
By whose great fame thou shalt forever shine
In scintillating word and purest rime.

But not of him alone, who, born of old,
Did laud thee well in o'er a thousand lays
Think, when thou wilt distribute heaven's gold;
But, pray, do let me also share thy praise,
And help me sing thy ever blessed name
To give to Christ new risen, lasting fame.

J. N. Wittkofski '32

A SHOT AT THE "LONE EAGLE"

While sidling from one corner of the mess house toward the front door, Link Godfrey, foreman of the Sprawling K, nearly collided with a group of meditating cowboys who were straining their ears in an attempt to catch the very first syllable of the cook's call for dinner.

"What's up?" queried Link, who was always sure that he smelled a rat or discovered a "nigger in the woodpile" when he spied a group of cowboys maintaining silence.

"Spike went inside to rustle a pie," one of the fellows drawled in reply.

Upon receiving this information, Link joined with the expectant men in gazing at the open door in the frame of which an amusing act was quickly staged. In a jiffy the doorway was darkened by a flying bulk which was tousling another, but smaller bulk, as it seemed by the fins. After both bulks stumbled over two cow punchers, the smaller bulk was recognized as Spike, who was just now busy in disengaging himself from dust, briars, and weeds into which he had been hustled for trying to rustle a pie. His discomfiture made the silent group of cowboys laugh, but not for long, as the growling voice of the cook that could squelch a tornado rang out angrily:

"If ever I catch anyone of you critters," he shouted, "straying into this place again and gazing at pies before I give the high sign, he will come by the like calamity."

Having delivered himself of this lengthy remonstrance the cook turned and slid back into the house like a clam into its shell. But his bulk soon darkened the doorway again, this time, however, in a pleasant

humor, for it was only with pride that he could boom out the words:

"Hurry, hurry, come and get it."

As Link sauntered out of the mess hall after the noonday meal, he was hailed from the ranch house by his boss, Jess Klim.

"I want you to take some very important letters to town to meet the evening stage, Link," Jess ordered.

"O. K., Jess, I'll be hitting the trail promptly," Link returned as he took the letters.

Within a few minutes the foreman swung into the old and well-beaten track that lead to Yuma. That he might shorten the distance by several miles, as cutting across the ranch would allow, did not even enter his mind, for after all, a cowboy is as much at home in his saddle as is a gentleman in a parlor, hence to a man of his profession ten miles or two miles on horseback could make no difference.

The time consumed in going to town and returning to the ranch had taken practically two hours out of the afternoon of that day for Link. There had been no excitement for some time to thrill him or to relieve the sluggish routine of daily affairs. One of his duties was to take care of the water supply for the cattle, and since his way homeward brought him near to the Sprawling K, he decided to inspect the watering hole of the ranch. Hidden behind a clump of cottonwood trees lay this watering hole, and as Link drew near, he heard voices. Knowing that his presence could not be perceived because of the trees, he checked his horse and stood silent to listen.

"————— get down to business, Jess," came the strange voice, "why did you kill Bill Coder?"

"Well, it was this way," replied the plainly recognized voice of the boss.

Link did not listen in any longer. Knowing that he had been unobserved, he turned his horse in the direction of the ranch buildings. As he went along the road a decision formed in his mind as to what he would do in consequence of the news that had so unexpectedly come to him. Plainly, he would no longer work for Jess Klim, the boss. No, he would not work for a murderer, and that, too, for the murderer of Bill Coder. For months the death of Coder had depressed Link. Whoever had bumped Coder off, had done a mysterious job of it. Now the riddle was solved. But worse than everything in the world to his mind was cowardice. Jess Klim was a coward. Bill Coder had been shot in the back.

On arriving at the ranch emplacement, Link rode straight to the bunk house. Quickly gathering his few possessions and leading his horse carefully so as to attract no attention, he stole unnoticed through the corrals and was again on the way to Yuma. It was dusk as he tied his horse to the hitching rack before the Lone Eagle. Striding through the doorway, he nodded to Stub Bower, the well-known "high-baller" behind the bar.

"How are you, Link?" asked Stub after having made the usual well-directed "exsquirtation" in the direction of a sawdust box across the room.

"Good enough," drawled Link as he sized up the room by a few keen glances to make sure of his surroundings. There in an arm chair sat a Mexican sleeping; near by a jolly foursome game of cards was in progress, while further off and all alone sat Jud Carson, Stub's right-hand man and crack gambler, playing solitaire at a table near the end of the room.

Link walked over to the "shark" and watched him manipulate the cards.

"Play a few hands, Link?" Jud indifferently suggested.

"Guess I will," answered Link pulling up a chair.

If expectations for a round at gambling had ever been entertained by Link Godfrey, then all that such hopes could imply stood at his service on that fateful evening. In his pockets he carried more than five hundred dollars in cash which, together with his other belongings, made up a neat fund for stakes. Though not a professional at that game, yet he knew enough about it to understand that such creatures like "sharks" may be encountered who know how to stack the cards. But he would not consider Jud a "shark." No, good-natured, sleek-looking Jud, who always kept the "highballer" busy and kept the glasses sliding along, would not think of taking anybody's money in an unfair manner. But Jud had a way about himself that was strange to Link. Could it be called tactics? Link knew nothing of tactics.

The game started. Jud kept the glasses filled. Link added five hundred dollars to his store. Jud was no player at all, only a plain poor fish. As the clock showed eleven, Stub, the "highballer," pretty groggy, sleepily ordered:

"Lock the joint, you fellows, before you turn in," and so saying, he left the two with best wishes for genuine luck.

At midnight, Link felt rather tired and wanted to quit, but luck would not allow him to think of sleep. He won a second and a third time. The glasses made one more round, and it was that round which proved too much for Link. He lost, he became nervous, desperate. He suspected Jud of cheating.

A card accidentally falling to the floor confirmed his suspicions.

"I saw you," he snapped at Jud.

As Jud stooped to regain that card, Link drew his gun. A shot rang out. Jud clutching at his heart fell to the floor. Horror now did much to clear Link's mind. He gazed blubbering, twitching, grinning in idiotic stupidity at the crumpled form on the floor before him. Hurried footsteps fell upon his ears. Believing that he had murdered Jud, Link now swiftly bounded out of the room, leaped upon his horse and rode away wildly without taking notice of place or direction, only hoping to put as much distance between himself and the scene of murder as lay within the might and main of his horse.

After riding for some miles, he tried to recall what had happened. He could not understand how he came to shoot Jud so lightheartedly. Never before had he shot a man. He lit a match and looked at his revolver. One empty shell lay in the barrel. There could be no mistake about his guilt. Then a burning feeling of remorse crept into his mind. He could not rest; he tried to flatter himself with the idea that it was all a mistake; no, he could not have killed Jud; it must be some trick unknown to him that caused the accident.

After wandering about for three days in a distracted manner and without food, he finally directed his horse to a ranch house. As he rode up to the horse corral, he overheard a conversation between two cowpunchers. Apparently one of them had just returned from town and had brought real news. One of the sentences that the cowboy uttered struck Link like a bullet.

"He confessed that he plugged a hombre, a

gambler, I think. They say it happened in Yuma." These were the words that startled Link.

"Hi, stranger," greeted one of the men as Link rode into sight.

"Howdy," returned Link. "What is this I heard you saying that happened over in Yuma?"

"Well," answered the other, "that desperado, Hank Kreim, was shot this morning in a brawl with the sheriff of Red Rock, and before he passed out he admitted the killing of a hombre in Yuma. But I forgot his name."

"Was it Jud Carson?" anxiously inquired Link.

"Yup, that's the feller," came the answer.

Link gulped a lunch as fast as he could swallow and hurried to Yuma. As he stopped before the Lone Eagle, he met Stub, who rushed out yelling at the top of his voice:

"You are a sight for sore eyes, Link, Jess has been combing all the country for you, and here you are!"

"What's all this about," queried Link. "I thought that I killed Jud."

"Ah, you were a little dizzy, Link, you thought that you killed my pard, and then lit out," pressed Stub with an air of a real detective.

"I hardly can think so," persisted Link.

"Hold your horses," continued Stub, "it was Hank Kreim, who shot my pal. He was looking for an opportunity for several months to get even with Jud. Anyway the bullet that caused the death of Jud was a forty-four caliber, and it is known that you pack only a thirty-two. Kreim, moreover, confessed to the murder before he cashed in."

"But I cannot figure out how I happen to have an empty shell in my gun, something that I noticed

only after that murder was committed," continued Link.

"Oh, you must have shot at a coyote, squirrel, or at some fowl," offered Stub. "But just to show you how mean Kreim was, I want to inform you that some days ago when he happened to meet your boss, Jess Klim, near the Sprawling K's watering hole, he tried to force him to admit killing Bill Coder, and nothing undone by his failure in that event, he proceeded to charge him with killing Jud Carson and tried in a second instance to force a confession of guilt from Jess. But you know only too well that nobody can force Jess Klim to anything, not even to taking a glass when he does not want it. What I want to tell you though is that you are entirely free from even the least suspicion in connection with the murder of Jud, and that your old job is open for you. Aiming to take it, eh?"

"You guessed it," replied Link, and swinging over his shoulder the sack holding his belongings and whistling a merry tune, he disappeared through the swinging doors of the Lone Eagle.

Frank Bishop '31

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness. —Montaigne

It is only great souls that know how much glory there is in being good. —Sappho

VER

Delights of spring have now returned;
Brooks tinkle 'mong the reeds;
Wild flowers peep demur'ly shy,
All o'er the greening meads.

The welkin streams with blue and gold;
There's incense in the air
Exhaled from buds of growing things
Unfolding everywhere.

Throughout the day a crooning wind
Plays gently in the trees;
The smiling bluebells sweetly nod
A banquet to the bees.

With joy one sees the evening come;
The brown thrush seeks her nest,
While nature sighing in content
Lures all the world to rest.

Then night brings skies all spangled o'er
With twinkling stellar light;
While moonbeams silvery furrows plough
By stealth through dreamland's right.

Oh springtime is a happy tide!
Well seasoned with delight,
For which all thanks to Him are due
Who wrought it by His might.

R. W. Boker '31

THE SPIRIT OF THE MUSE IN NIPPON

Besides the ancient *No* plays of Japanese origin which have become so popular in recent years, Japanese poets have given to the world a distinctive native poetry. The Japanese poem is a dewdrop that holds a rainbow in its heart. In order to enjoy the beauty of the rainbow, one must take it out of the dewdrop and spread it across the firmament. In the poetry of this people there are two special forms of verse—the *tanka* of thirty-one syllables, and the *hokku* of but seventeen syllables. These native forms of verse present but a small bit of tapestry upon which to weave one's dream, consequently, the poets of the Island Empire have depended largely upon the art of suggestion. In other words, they have created, not the flowers already blooming, but the seeds which the reader can readily allow to grow into flowers. When reading Japanese poetry, therefore, one must see not only what is expressed, but also what is left unsaid. One must be not only a reader, but also a creator. Out of the lines and colors given by the poet, one must be able to create the complete picture. To read only what is expressed in a Japanese poem, is to see only the beginning of the trail that leads into the valley of dancing blossoms.

It is this caprice of the bards of Nippon which lends to their poems a surprising fascination. Very true it is that in consequence of this whim their poems are liable to be abstruse; at least they lack directness of appeal; but at the same time they offer a sort of adventure not found in poems of a more obvious kind. "When we are busy or tired we like our dreams made for us; when we have time and are active we like to make our own dreams." Poems that are easily understood are like puzzles already

solved. They deny one the joy of seeking and creating—the very thing that makes poetry so superbly delightful.

Words after all are such inadequate things. They are like the tiny bucket with which the little boy attempted to dip the ocean into a small hole he had dug in the sand along the seashore. One may use millions and millions of words, and still not recreate even the beauty of the sunlight that glistens on the spider's web, or the beauty of the moonbeam that shimmers in a trailing mist. All one can do is merely suggest—merely build up the stem upon which the flower of beauty is to grow. Therefore, the poem that is like the unseen bird, singing amid a riot of blossoms, gives more pleasure and greater satisfaction than one in which all is expressed. "The flowers which we ourselves grow mean more to us than the flowers which we buy, because we have put more of ourselves into them." So with poetry. The chief charm in reading poetry lies in the fact that it enables one to unveil for himself hidden beauty out of seeming reality.

Japanese poetry is a record of emotions, and not of facts. Being emotional the Honshus are more interested in feelings than in concreteness. Among the types of emotion that are interpreted in this intensely national poetry, perhaps that which is inspired by the seasons is the most interesting. In Japan the four seasons of the year are definitely marked. One cannot mistake Spring for Autumn, nor Autumn for Winter. Now each of these seasons inspires a Honshu poet with a different feeling. Spring with misty moonlight and dreamy blossoms; Summer with skylarks and green shadows; Autumn with clear water and flaming maples; Winter with

clear sunlight and silvery plains—each of these awakens a Muse with a feeling distinctively its own.

The effort of the Japanese poets to portray this feeling is most pronounced in poems of the *hokku* type. Very few subjects of *hokku* poems are without a season, that is, without an atmosphere that belongs definitely to one of the four divisions of the year. Being sympathetic lovers of nature and the great out-of-doors, the Japanese attach no small importance to the expression of seasonal feelings, which in its humor is an expression of nature's own mood.

That the poets of old Nippon should be rather pantheistic is not surprising. They consciously or unconsciously believe in the existence of a will behind all things and incidents. To them the dewy blossoms that dance in the sunlight are not mere blossoms, but the soul of Spring come to express its irrepressible joy. The bird which sings at the grave of a loved one is the spirit of the loved one come to console the bereaved. One might call this a childish superstition, but it is this very superstition that gives life to the things portrayed in Japanese poems.

Another thing that demands attention in order to understand the spirit of Japanese poetry is that the people of this land have a background totally different from that of other countries and peculiarly their own, and as a result, they have very different ideas about things. The image that the term "candy man" brings to any other mind is that of a corpulent, beak-nosed, black-moustached individual, immaculately dressed in a white coat and cap. He carries a tray suspended from his neck and hawks his wares with a booming voice. No one would even suspect that behind this term as used by the Japanese, stands a kindly old man who shuffles along quiet streets, blowing on his tiny reed trumpet, and making ex-

quisite candy toys for his little customers. Even with such a common thing as a bell do their conceptions differ from those of other people. The bell of Japan is made of green bronze and is struck with a huge wooden hammer. Instead of clear metallic sounds, it gives a deep mellow tone which is somewhat like the roar of waves in a hollow. The sound of their bell inspires a feeling of deepest sorrow instead of joy, of indescribable loneliness instead of hilarity. One must carefully remember this difference then, and look at things with the eye of a Japanese in trying to discover the underlying spirit that pervades all the poetry of old Nippon.

Japanese poetry simply is like the song of a wild bird. It is sweet and short, and seemingly artless; but behind all of this lies a mystic world where all one's dreams come true. Of course it may so happen that the dreams one builds out of this poetry will differ from Japanese dreams about the same poem. Instead of the shadowy canyon where moonbeams trickle through the waving fingers of maple leaves and break in the mossy stream, one may see the sunlight that shimmers on the dewy apple blossoms. But, if anybody will study the life and ideals of the Japanese, and try to look at things from their point of view, and to love and feel nature as they do, he will be able to complete in the right way that part of the picture which the poets of Japan have left unpainted.

Lawrence J. Ernst '32

Any day-laborer can pull down, but it requires an architect to build up; and fault finding is this laborer, development of gifts the architect.

—O'Malley

THE LAST ASSIGNMENT

The law and the underworld both were out to capture Blue Cross. The law, because his spectacular thefts had so aroused public opinion that unless Blue Cross were taken the entire police force would dwell in constant ridicule. The underworld wanted him because he had framed several of its clever leaders and had succeeded in having them sent up. No one, no one in the world knew the identity of Blue Cross. He was the most clever, most thorough, most daring cracksman with whom the police ever had to deal. The only trace he usually left of his visit was a rifled safe and a little blue cross stuck in some conspicuous place. For more than a year he had been operating; never had he left the slightest clue of his identity. The police, utterly baffled, were willing to give up the fight, but the press heaped upon them so much abuse that to save their honor they were forced to attempt the capture of Blue Cross.

Yet, the press was doing more than merely nagging; it was conducting detective work of its own devising. A woman, Helen Gurgan, was its undercover agent. Helen had asked for this job as it placed her in a position to reap the "ten grand" reward posted for the arrest of Blue Cross. Helen wanted the money, for it would enable her to take her invalid father on a southern trip in a last endeavor to restore him to health. She had been a reporter for the NEWS for some time, and when she asked for this particular assignment the editor had been exceedingly willing to give it to her. He knew the value of a woman's wiles, and he felt that Helen possessed wiles aplenty and common sense besides.

During her first two weeks on the assignment,

she made the rounds of the night clubs in search of stray clues, but never a thread could she find. Then she decided to break down her somewhat natural reserve and join more freely in the usual round of fun as that might help to make an acquaintance—an acquaintance who would talk. Accordingly she arranged with some of her newspaper associates for a frolic at the "Push-Em-Up-Tony," the city's wildest night club, and a frolic it was. Her friends gave themselves over entirely to gaiety, but she couldn't overcome a degree of preoccupation and seriousness. It was inevitable that she should be left behind, and sitting alone at her table, she began to examine the faces in the room. Removed from her by a few tables, sat a man half facing her; a young man and alone. As she gazed, he turned, and their eyes met. Quickly she averted her glance, but an impulse, perhaps an intuition, prompted her to look again. This time the man smiled, arose, and came over to her table.

"Shall we dance?" he queried.

Something in Helen begged her to accept though she felt that she ought to resent the intrusion. Then the thought of her mission occurred to her, and she willingly consented to dance.

Fred Michael was the son of a wealthy safe and lock manufacturer. Being rather lonely of late and finding himself out of sorts on this night, he wandered down to "Tony's" to seek company and diversion. He was greatly pleased now that he had come, for he felt that he had met someone who could truly dispel the monotony of life. Having finished his dance, a startling thought struck him. Helen was a newspaper reporter; he had inquired of one of her friends and discovered as much. What should a reporter, and a woman at that, be doing here, he wond-

ered? Were the papers on his trail, and was she trying to play a confidence game? No! he believed not. He would at any rate make a date and take a chance.

Fred took the chance. He saw Helen a week later, and it was at that time that he learned the nature of her enterprise. He tried to dissuade her, pointed out the risks, but Helen could not be balked. "It is a point of honor now," she argued, "I have undertaken the task, and I am going to finish it, I'm saving Father at any cost." Of course the period of Fred's friendship with her was yet too brief for him to propose the plan he had worked out for the salvation of all. But time did its share, and the moment of his choosing came at last. On returning from a theatre one evening, Fred made bold to ask, "If you were to marry, would you continue your work?"

Helen laughed lightly, "that's not quite fair. But why?"

"That isn't a very good beginning," Fred apologized, "but you know why I ask."

"Granted, but I would much rather hear you say it."

Fred led her to a chair, and seating himself squarely in front of her on a hassock said very seriously, "I want you to be my wife."

"And your family, what would they think of it?" Helen objected.

"Oh, I can manage them," countered Fred, "they have always given me what I wanted. They will now, at least after they know you."

"And my Father; I'll have to care for him?"

"We will take him South together!"

"You're sure you want me?"

"Say! Aren't you going to give yourself any

consideration? Don't you think there is anything objectionable about me? Don't you know that I am the ————," Fred broke off suddenly. "Anyway, let matters stand at that," he concluded. At length he prepared to leave. As he was going out of the door Helen detained him: "My vanity; you carried it in your pocket for me."

With apologies Fred produced a leather affair and handed it over to her. Another good-by and he was off. After he had gone Helen sat musing. How happy she was now! She had despised her work as a detective, despised the company into which it had thrown her; sophisticated women of the clubs and men about town; thieves and racketeers; men and women pleasure mad, greedy, menial. How glad she was to escape from it all, and return to the simple beauty and complacent joy of merely living. She was grateful to Fred for rescuing her from the wicked, mad, world. So grateful! As she mused thus she twirled around her finger a chain attached to the vanity which she still held in her hand. Looking down now to free it, she started suddenly from her chair. Her breath came spasmodic; her whole being shook; the vanity dropped to the floor. On its upturned side stuck a little blue cross!

Slowly the horrible truth forced itself upon her, weighed her down, stifled her. Fred was the Blue Cross. That was the only explanation. How could her heart have been so deceived? She had thought Fred to be noble and grand, and now to discover this—to discover that he belonged to the world of the last few weeks, to the world she wanted desperately to be rid of, to the world from which she thought he was her deliverer! Exhausted, she sank back in her chair and lay there. Presently, the flash of the diamond on her finger caught her eye and aroused

her. Slowly she drew off the ring, the ring whose sparkle a moment before had seemed significant of all the joy a heart could hold; the ring whose cold glare now reflected the bitterness, the sneering irony of a hardened world. She would send that ring back, and with it would go all her hopes. Even her Father must be sacrificed, for she couldn't, no she could never betray Fred for money. She would send the ring and the cross back together, and maybe—there was a faint flicker of hope—maybe Fred could explain.

Fred rose with a light heart on the next morning. Was there any reason for not being gay? Why the merriest girl in the world was to be his wife, and his own Father and Mother were returning from a trip that had consumed many months. As soon as customs and reporters and that sort of trouble could be put out of the way, a little family reunion would take place, and he would expound his glorious romance. Then he would have Helen out to dinner and a merry "foursome party" they would make. In the excitement of last night he had forgotten to tell Helen about these plans, but he would call her now. Fred was about to call her by phone, when a servant interrupted:

"Parcel for you, Mr. Fred. The messenger is waiting."

Fred took the little package and tore it open. He stood aghast at the revelation, for there in his hand lay a ring case with a blue cross stuck to it. He snapped the case open and stared at the diamond he had so happily bestowed upon Helen the night before. He dropped the ring to the floor and called stiffly to the servant.

"No answer!"

Helen knew! How? Had she suspected from

the start? Did she have evidence? Had he whom neither police nor gangsters could touch played into the hands of a woman? He couldn't believe it. He thought Helen sincere, and loving, but—but if it was only a game she surely had played it well. What a fool he had been; how completely he had fallen before a mere woman; how innocently he had walked into the trap!

Dejectedly he went about his morning's work preparing for his parents' arrival. He could not cease thinking of the cruel deception fate had practised on him. No matter what a man's life had been, he argued, it was not fair to cheat him in a bargain for marriage. Anyway he was not a thief. Had he not cleverly made restitution for everything he had stolen? Yet he could not tell a jury that a longing to create a mystery, to baffle police, to startle the city, had grown in him to be such an obsession that he had undertaken to execute the most spectacular thefts conceivable merely for a thrill; he could not tell that to anyone and expect to be believed. It was true, every bit of it, but prove it! Prove it! As Fred's feverish brain worked in a maze his valet approached him:

"Won't you care to wear this coat tonight?" the man asked, holding out the coat Fred had worn last night. "If you do, it had better be pressed and cleaned. You know how particular your mother is about such things."

"Oh, send it, and let me alone," Fred replied hotly. "But wait!" he added turning upon the servant, "I want to look in those pockets." Fred ran quickly through the pockets and from one produced a small packet that had been broken open. He reached in that pocket again and concealed in his hand what he withdrew.

"You may go now. Send the coat at once," he ordered the servant.

When the man had gone, Fred opened his hand. Stuck to his palm was a blue cross. "So that's how it happened," he spoke half aloud after a moment's reflection. "I carried the vanity in the pocket that contained these seals, and one stuck. Helen isn't framing me! She'll understand. I can prove it to her now. I'll find her now, she cares, she'll listen, I must convince her, I will!"———.

Later during that day, far out on the wharf, jubilant and smiling stood Fred, and at his side Helen, equally gay. Both were watching the approach of a ship.

"There they are, standing at the rail and waving. See Mother! You will like her I'm sure," cried Fred, "and Dad can't help but like you," he added, turning towards Helen a knowing smile.

Robert Nieset '32

COMING SPRING

Young Spring with music fills the balmy air;
Prim meadow nymphs in ecstasy awake;
Gay dryads sprightly their dens forsake.
And now in trees Arachne treads her loom
To weave designs of wonder thrilling fair
To catch the gleaming tints of morning skies
And mock with them Apollo's blushing flare,
While at this trick sweet Idun coyly sighs.
Then, oh, the haunts of boyhood throng my mind!
And show that brambles here; there lilacs grew,
Through which the leering moon, that thief of light,
Threw forth his silvery spoils by darkest night.
What if e'en gold could boyhood's joys renew?
'T were naught like Spring in mood and pleasure kind.

J. F. Szaniszlo '31

CAMELS AND OASES

The rain drizzles down steadily as if it would never cease until the god of storms would release his last drop from the vessels of the heavens. Lakes are rolling to and fro on the campus like river waves made by the passage of a long barge. Since the nature of the weather puts a taboo on the recreational plans for the afternoon, disappointment is rife among the boys. But a few acquiescing philosophers proceed to the library where they may mine the jewels of beauty which the youths of India committed to memory early in their teens just as American children learn the preamble of the constitution and the dates of all great events; where they may shell the kernels of knowledge imported from Persia, "the land of lyric poetry, the home of the nightingale and the rose;" where they may mount an Arabian stallion and gallop in pursuit of shieks, camels, and fleet gazelles with the hope of returning before the prophet and his followers should bow towards Mecca for their usual evening prayers. Thanks to the altruistic motives of translators and interpreters, thousands of lines of these old works which were not accessible to the teachers of today in their youth, are now available. Since printing methods and accessories have been improved a single shelf probably holds all the literature of the ancient peoples of India, Arabia, and Persia, because in those early days such perishable, bulky, no-account material like palm leaves, birch bark, and baked clay were used for writing material. Thus it is with feelings of gratitude and awe that the student opens a book which, by and by, unfolds worlds of beauty, interest, conjecture, and thought,—honey for the mind—"new worlds to conquer."

The first delight which a sojourn in this unfamiliar land offers is a warm welcome and a liberal return from the Maharajah of the Mahabharata. An invitation is given the visitor to take part in the selection of a fit mate for Draupadi, the princess daughter of King Draupada. The test demands the winging of an arrow to a metal plate with a ponderous bow which is unyielding to any but Herculean strength. Many kings, princes and chieftains are invited to compete for the marriage chaplet, and the prize of valor—the lovely bride. When the day of festivity finally draws near, the nobility take the places of honor, and the countless crowd presses the barriers or clambers upon scaffolds and the house-tops, just as the dignitaries and men of rank with the “ways and means” are placed in positions of vantage even in this day, at such events as the opera, ball game, prize fight, and Derby, while nondescripts like “One-Eyed” Connolly crash the gate, climb the trees and telephone poles, peek through knotholes or mount box-cars on nearby tracks. The thoughts and emotions of those present offer interesting study to crowd psychologists from the time the fete is announced until the youthful Arjuna of elephantine strength finally draws the sturdy cord and wins the reward. Authorities say that the “free choice of a husband” was a common practice among the ancient Hindus. Of course in this age of liberty and free-thinking, egotistical men prefer to think that such practices belong in the deep cellars of the past, but, “a little bird” says that women now at least do the selecting. Canon Sheehan, in one of his novels is the authority for saying: “They (women) draw you out, and out, and out like a telescope and then shut you up with a snap.” So if they have not changed any in this respect since his day, it is logical to in-

fer (contrary to the principles of evolution) that they have not changed any in the matter of "free choice" since earliest Hindu times.

After the endurance contests and feats of sweaty struggle are over the stranger is taken to the shore of the Ganges to watch the amusing frolics and the youthful capers of a troupe of 16,000 sea nymphs and mermaids who are devoting themselves to the entertainment of the god, Vishnu, their husband. Vishnu is regarded as the sun and the bevy of nymphs and mermaids is thought to be his reflection in the dew-drops. Indeed, it is a Utopian picture! "Birds are singing sweetly and delightfully in the forest; white cuckoos of paradise coo melliflently for the gratification of those present; peacocks surrounded by their hens, dance gracefully on the tops of the cabins resplendent as jewels. The flags of the vessels bear the pictures of birds, and the garlands on the vehicles are musical with the hum of bees. By order of Vishnu the trees in the neighborhood produce fragrant flowers of all seasons. No hunger, no thirst, no languor, no ennui, no grief assails those who are engaged in this delightful festival of music, singing and dancing." Ah, Sir Thomas More couldn't have dreamed of such a picture for his Utopia. In comparison with this pageant Nero's carnivals are like a fountain stream in relation to a gushing river. In every particular the most sanguine expectations have been realized, and it is with regretful thoughts of farewell and with the consoling promise of returning on some day in the near future that the rambler leaves this country of the Mahabharata and journeys over to Arabia, the land of thoroughbreds, rocking camels, midnight raids of plundering, and the proverbial story-tellers about the camp-fires at oases.

Antar, the first acquaintance made in this country, is a half-blooded warrior of ignoble birth, the offspring of the Knight of Jirwet and a black woman who had been captured in a plundering raid. While yet a lad, Antar was said to have killed a prince's slave who had grossly injured the feelings of an old and helpless lady. King Zohair approved of his conduct and the women of the tribe praised him abundantly. Antar declared his love for Abila, daughter of Molik, his uncle, and finally, her father consenting, required for her a dowry of 1000 Asafeer camels. Since these could be obtained only by plunder, Antar set out and easily drove off the camels, taking at the same time whatever wealth he could seize as presents for his bride. Of course, the fable says; "They lived in peace and contentment forever afterwards." From Arabia also comes the first tale of the well-known ability of horse-swoppers to skin their fellow traders and make them think that they won the fleecing match. The story has it that "the emperor of Constantinople resolved to make a trial of the far-famed liberality of Hatim, an Arab chief. So the emperor sent a messenger to request a certain horse which he knew Hatim valued above all his possessions. The messenger was received in a manner suitable to the royal dignity of an imperial envoy and treated that night with the utmost hospitality. The next day the officer delivered to Hatim the message from the emperor, at which Hatim was greatly concerned. 'If,' said he, 'you had apprised me of your errand yesterday, I should instantly have complied with the emperor's request; but the horse he asks of me is now no more; for being surprised by your sudden arrival, and having nothing else in the pantry with which to regale you, I ordered that very horse to be killed and served up to you last

night'." This tale is the forerunner of such yarns as those told today by authors like Walter E. Edmonds. Edmonds tells one about a horse trader repeatedly trying to buy a horse from a small-town doctor. The physician after refusing time and again to sell, finally turns the horse loose for \$500. When the trader goes to the stable to get his costly purchase he finds a dead horse. He has, however, the reputation of never being beaten in a deal of horse-flesh so he goes to a nearby town and to a Jockey Club where the animal's mettle, speed, and racy form have always been much admired, and there he raffles off the horse for \$700. He takes the winner of the horse back with him and gives him the \$25 he spent on the raffle plus \$25 more as hush-money so he will not tell the fellows at the club who all were in the raffle. Later the doctor receives \$25 bonus for furnishing him with such an Eldorado.

Like the jaunt through the Mahabharata, so also is an excursion through the Semitic peninsula of Arabia, time well spent. Shakespeare, or some great mind once said: "A deed well-begun is already half done," hence the literary nomad, having saved the choice morsels of dessert until the last, enters the caravanserai of Persia under the guidance of Firdausi, the poet. A touching story of the wooing of the daughter of King Gureng by Jemshid, the Wanderer, a dethroned king, is told by Firdausi. In this story he is also the author of an excellent eulogy on wine:

"Whilst drinking wine I never see
The frowning face of my enemy;
Drink freely of the grape, and naught
Can give the soul one mournful thought."

After reading the foregoing justification of the "Little Brown Jug" an unbiased mind will agree with Sir Walter Scott in saying that the "juice of Noah's grape is given to him who will use it wisely, as that which cheers the heart of man after toil, refreshes him in sickness, comforts him in sorrow." Aviation like the contents of the keg is another modern topic that is treated by Firdausi: The king, Kaus, wishing to ascend the heavens without wings, consults his astrologers, who presently suggest a method. They rear a nest of young eagles till they grow large and strong. Then a framework of aloë is prepared; and at each end of the four corners is fixed perpendicularly a javelin, surmounted on the point with a hunk of goat flesh. At each corner again one of the eagles is bound and in the middle King Kaus is seated in great pomp with a handy flagon of good grape juice. As soon as the eagles become hungry they try to get at the goat flesh on the javelins and thus the first unofficial solo flight starts—only to end disastrously when the strength of the eagles fails and the whole fabric tumbles down. Though such a fable may seem droll, ludicrous, perhaps even ridiculous, yet it is well to remember that such foolish stunts as trying to fly by tying turkey wings to the arms and jumping from a roof and trying to scamper down a tree like a squirrel have been heard of in this science-enlightened day of Newton's laws of gravity.

It is with feelings similar to a melancholy parting that any reader leaves the beautiful land of ancient literature, and in taking leave he will certainly realize the meaning of the saying that, "The same use should be made of books that bees make of the flowers—they steal the sweets from them." To have

knowledge of the deeds, thoughts, and emotions of peoples who lived centuries ago is an enviable asset as it will furnish vicarious experiences that may well serve to give rare amusement and above all a valuable understanding of the unity, the common aspirations, and the aims of mankind.

Paul J. Popham '31

SPRING REVELS

See the little lambkins
 Agamb'ling on the green!
See the yellow daisies
 Throw out their lustrous sheen!

Hear the warbling bluebird
 Pour forth his melody!
Hear the whistling card'nal
 High in the old elm tree!

Scent the pleasant odors
 Of swelling buds, and flowers!
Scent the new-born verdure
 Shoot forth in beauteous bowers!

Feel the balmy breezes
 Flit by you soft and sweet
Fondling lofty treetops
 And grass beneath your feet!

Taste the joys of Springtime,
 They are so glad and free!
Replenish all your senses
 With merry revelry!

Cletus Bihn '31

EVE VS. LADY MACBETH

At first glance one may not see the points of difference or resemblance that obtain between Eve, as characterized in an old Morality Play, and Lady Macbeth, as portrayed by Shakespeare in one of his rather stirring tragedies. But upon close inspection of the two plays striking similarities with hardly any dissimilarities will become evident to any devoted reader.

A perfectly undeniable statement may well be made at the outset of this bit of study, namely, that both characters under consideration were women; hence the aid of human experience may be invoked to point out similarities that normally grow out of this position which they challenge for themselves by right of gender. Evidently qualities about which there can be no dispute in their regard, qualities long ago recognized to be either an asset or a liability to women, are talkativeness and curiosity.

Eve and Lady Macbeth both display alacrity in speech and are examples of talkativeness for their own advantage that can only be equalled by the tongue of women. The remarkable facility with which Eve persuaded Adam to eat of the forbidden fruit after she herself had done the evil thing, can only be surprising to anyone who has not tried to beat a woman at making a bargain. The writer of the old Morality Play clearly enough had experience, either directly or vicariously, or he could not have placed Eve in so perfect a role. He realized very clearly how an argument between man and wife must end, and he makes it end between Adam and Eve in the way it has ended ever since. In much the

same way as Eve did, so Lady Macbeth used her tongue to put spurs to her husband's faltering ambition. She goaded him on by flattery, sly and pointed, by arguments true and false, for the furtherance of her schemes. In this particular it is not hard to perceive a marked similarity between the two characters, a trait that not only binds them to each other, but in respect of talkativeness links them up with womankind in general.

That curiosity was the besetting passion of Eve on which the tempter wrought when bargaining with her about the forbidden fruit is plainly suggested by the Bible. Once she became curious about the effects of that fruit—and it is in this situation that the old Morality Play shines at its best—she wanted, nay, she was determined to know what the results would be in her case. She made up her mind quickly, and when a woman makes up her mind she acts just as quickly. But the matter of emphasis here is that no other motive prodded Lady Macbeth to pursue her course otherwise than curiosity. Her motive is often described as ambition, but in the last analysis, are not ambition and curiosity one and the same passion in a woman? Curiosity is nothing more than a desire to know how it feels to hold a certain position, commonly nothing more than to be at the top of an experience. Ambition deals with nothing else than to be on top; Lady Macbeth wanted to know how it felt to be queen, and that which in Eve was at first only a foible, and in Lady Macbeth was only a dallying sentiment, came to be for both an overmastering passion that involved them in similar ruin. There can hardly be any doubt that Shakespeare knew of the characterization of Eve in the old Morality Play and that he used it as a pattern for characterizing Lady Macbeth.

In one other point both heroines show a metal in temperament that deserves special notice. It is a matter respecting courage, and not mere sentiment; hence it merits special consideration for it forces a likeness in character that respects an honorable determination to accept consequences following upon acts without flinching. It may, indeed, seem that in this regard Eve showed more metal than did Lady Macbeth, for in the old Morality Play Eve does not kill herself as Shakespeare allows Lady Macbeth to do; but then in this instance it is the consequences of the respective acts that differ, and not the readiness to take what might come along. It is plain that if Shakespeare learned anything from the old Morality Play, "Adam and Eve," concerning the characterization of women, then he did discover that in determination women are superior to men, for in his plays there is not a female character that falters in her designs, while his male characters often hesitate, shrink from the consequences of their acts, and show that they lack the courage to abide the issue. A well-known critic says that Shakespeare has credit merely for drawing female characters. This assertion may well be dismissed with a "Believe it or not," but the truth remains that if the great English dramatist ever read the old Morality Play, "Adam and Eve," he found much inspiration in Eve, but Adam gave him little to admire.

Whether there be more than a mere casual connection between the character of Eve and that of Lady Macbeth will always remain a matter of guessing, but the few points of similarity that have been observed in these pages as to their characters will be

sufficient to reawaken the old question as to whether the one was a pattern for the other or not.

Herbert Kenney '33

CHRIST IS ARISEN

Christ has been crucified, dying for man;
Hangs there distended, his body now lifeless;
Ranging about him, His sole friends are kneeling.
Infinite hope now sweetly assures them—
Salvation is won, and heaven for all
Throws open its doors, its glories revealing.

Into the world the news will go trailing;
Since He has said it, He must leave the tomb.

And now comes the dawn of that memorable day
Risen He proves Himself from where He lay;
Instigate hence all your feelings for praise;
Sing in great choirs of this day of days.
Emerging from Limbo, the souls there imprisoned
Now enter His joy, for CHRIST IS ARISEN.

W. C. Abrahamson '31

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In the life of every college man there should be one particular love that knows no bounds—a deep-rooted affection for his Alma Mater. An old saying puts it thus: “In spring a young man’s fancy turns to thoughts of love.” What this saying implies should be true of every college man, young and old alike. It is customary among colleges to celebrate a home-coming day during some one of the weeks of spring; a day to which every loyal alumnus should look forward with pleasure. There is every reason that a dutiful son of an Alma Mater should anticipate with joy the coming of this grand event. Will he not count the days until occasion is again given him to wend his way back to the old haunts, to live over again the most happy of all his days, to recall once more the incidents, both cheerful and otherwise, that made up his college career?

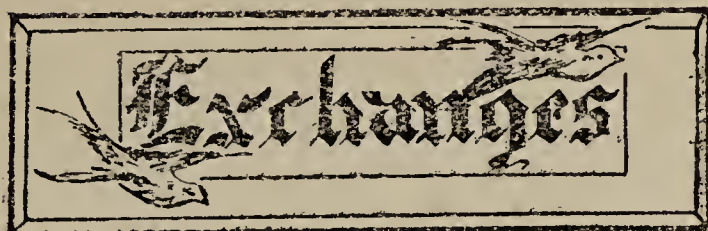
He of whom his Alma Mater can boast as being a true son will on this day not only think kindly of the dear old college where he spent so many of his happy hours, but will be present in person to share in making Alumni Day a real success. Alumni, you who happen to owe allegiance to St. Joseph’s, can you imagine anything more enjoyable than to sit down at the side of your old college chums and recall old times? Of course under such circumstances you will entertain the ardent wish that those golden days so full of life and hope could be lived over again and again. This, however, is out of the question. But what is perfectly within your reach is making yourself a live, active member of the Alumni Associa-

tion by putting in your appearance on Alumni Day. Besides you will have occasion to witness a play given for your particular amusement in Alumni Hall. You will see the same old stage put to use by the C. L. S. of which you too were once a member. It was on this stage that you stood on your graduation day and received your diploma; from over its footlights you bade farewell to your associates of student days, as well as to your Alma Mater whom you now seek to honor as an alumnus.

Furthermore, do not forget that the annual baseball game will be played. The students who are here at present as your successors in the old college halls are looking forward to the chance for a game with you. Don't disappoint them. There will be snap and punch in the game, remember. The game will give you a splendid appetite for the Alumni Banquet which will follow at noon on that day. There will be plenty of amusement; come and join in the general merrymaking. The Faculty of St. Joseph's and the students always try to make the annual homecoming day the happiest day of the year for the old grads. Hence what loyal alumnus could resist the invitation to be present unless altogether unavoidably detained by business.

When Alumni Day comes along—and the date will be made known to you in good time by invitation cards—then let every vehicle in which you happen to ride and every road on which you happen to travel, be it from north, south, east, or west, eventually bring you to Collegeville. May it be your purpose to come in such numbers, Alumni, that it will be known throughout the country that the sons of St. Joseph's are most sincerely loyal to their Alma Mater.

J. A. S.



A certainly neat little publication is the ROSARIAN, a bimonthly issue from St. Joseph's Academy, Adrian, Michigan. The winter number is to be especially noted for its happy uniformity of material in regard to modern Catholic literature and men of letters. Rather interesting is the brief yet compelling article on the mistaken attitude of the majority of Catholic people concerning the writings of their fellowmen. The ensuing short sketches on Chesterton and Belloc, and on the Reverends Hugh Blunt, Owen Francis Dudley, Leonard Feeney, and Henry S. Spalding are all terse and excellent. The editorial on "Comparisons and Contrasts" is exceptionally well developed.

Mandel Peterson is to be congratulated on his successful solo-production of the February's PRINT-CRAFTERS from Nashville, Tennessee. The pictorial heading on page three was quite attractive. The brief literary essays were all well written.

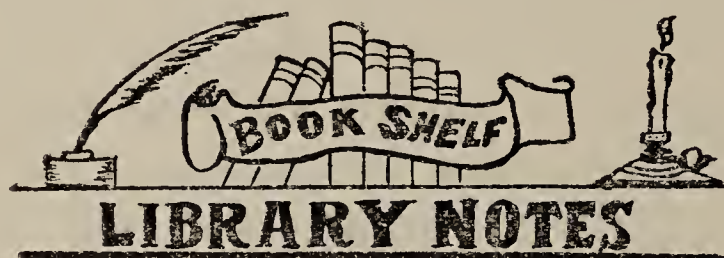
E. L. B. '31

V. A. VIE de l'Academie de Vermont a Saxton Rivers nous presente quelques articles sous le titre—"Ye Romance Language"—Tres Bien; nous les avons parcourus tous avec beacoup d'interet. Les differentes lectures se distinguent par la variete des sujets traites; la description bien convenable. Courage V. A. VIE! Nous esperons que le projet d'un nouveau gymnase sera accompli en bon temps.

W. C. '32

Acknowledging: St. Vincent's COLLEGE JOUR-

NAL; CENTRIC; SUNFLOWER; TORCH; BLACK AND RED; BLUE AND WHITE; FAR EAST; St. John's RECORD; St. Mary's COLLEGIAN; FIELD AFAR; WAG; BROWN AND WHITE; BAY LEAF; CHRONICLE; AMBROSIAN; PILGRIM; St. Louis COLLEGIAN; and CALUMET COSMOS.



Our European Heritage

THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN (1492-1848),
by Herbert I. Priestley.

The Anglo-Saxon belief, which has been given such prominence in our textbooks, that the Spanish occupation brought but a scant amount of the amenities of civilization to the Americas is largely the result of ignorance and national prejudice. We have not given justice to the Spanish pioneers simply because we have been misled. Our textbooks have not recognized the fact that the followers of Columbus made a record unparalleled, that it was the Spanish rather than the Yankees, who with marvelous patience, first brought the highest forms of European culture to the New World, and that they were the first to create an intrinsically American art and literature. From the more material aspect, their lists of agricultural and horticultural projects are astonishing. Propaganda (if I may use the word here) has so thoroughly deceived us as to the real achievements of the early Spanish missionaries and conquistadores, who were imbued with initiative and lofty

ideals, that many passages of Priestley's account seem almost novel. But thanks to the new school of American historians, we are coming to the truth. Under the leadership of Baudelier and Lummis, and continuing through such men as Priestley, extensive research in the ancient monasteries of Spain, Mexico, and Southwestern United States has come to be the decisive criterion in this quest for truth and justice.

"The Coming of the White Man" deals mainly with the notable contributions which other nations (besides the English-speaking one) have made to the transmission of the higher forms of European culture during the colonization period. The pageant of New Spain—its institutions, its elaborate caste system, its manifold artistry—passes before us in glorious review. The less extensive propagations of the artifacts of European civilization which the Dutch, Swedes, and French made, find a place here. And it is true, that in bequeathing our inheritance, they often functioned merely as carriers, and have only left their impression in our social customs. But the Dutch adventure particularly resulted in the survival of English control, and this is "of prime significance for the life of America today."

Professor Priestley's book will give a new light and a new meaning to the scenes of Willa Cather's masterpiece, "Death Comes For the Archbishop," to the French Creole remnants of Louisiana and the middle-border, to the Dutch names found in the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk.

The Spanish in California

A HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA (SPANISH PERIOD)

by Charles E. Chapman.

To some, California means Moviedom whose kings are any screen stars from Chaplin to Oakie, whose

queens, any actresses from Pickford to Gaynor; to others, it means the Golden State of blossoming fruit trees, the land of sunshine and ceaseless rejuvenation. But that is not the whole, or the real, much less the past, California. She has had heroes worthy of the name, and much is being done to rescue them from obscurity. Scarcely one in a hundred persons could identify Cabrillo, Galbez, Anza (Jr.), Buraceli, or Friars Serra, Palou, and Lasuen. Mr. Chapman has done what has long needed to be done—simplified and clarified for the general reader a picturesque story little known even in its outline, save to students of history, hidden as are its authoritative sources in forbiddingly ponderous volumes.

There are chapters on prehistoric California, on the early traces of Chinese and Japanese visits to her shores and their opportunities for a colonial foothold, and on the origin and application of the beautiful name "California," the prized possession of the present-day state. The history of the state as such proved to be—until 1848—an interesting race between the development of the United States and the discovery of California's gold. By that time the work of the viceroys, Galvez and Bucareli, worthily carried on by the Spanish Californians, had reached its logical conclusion.

But if the Spaniard came as a swordsman, with him also came the man of the Cross. The swordsman perished, losing to others the lands and power he had fought for; but from the blood-dewed paths of the missionaries flowered the things that last—agriculture, arts, letters, lessons of the highest deeds of the human spirit, and Catholicism. One sees the brown-garbed friars leading the great march into California. Fray Junipero Serra is perhaps the only one of these early missionaries who has walked

through many thousand pages of print, so that a veritable "Serra legend" has sprung up about him, and in him one visions the inspiration of Cather's hero.

SPANISH ALTA CALIFORNIA, by Alberta J. Denis.

With Chapman's perspectiveness and purpose, Mrs. Denis has also ventured to unveil the up-to-now hazy period from Cabrillo (1542) to the relinquishing of the Californias, Baja and Alta, by Spain in 1822. She has chosen the essentials and has told them in a dignified and well-reasoned way. Her writings show prodigious research and study; her style, crowded with heavy and frequent quotations, is very involved. Neither has she the fine mastery of the subtleties of language that is Chapman's. It is to be regretted that the titles, "A History of California" and "Spanish Alta California," are so "suggestive of the dusty roads of history!" But lest one forget!—"Truth is stranger than fiction."

The French in America

FROM QUEBEC TO NEW ORLEANS, by J. H. Schlarman.

The history of the discovery and settlement of America, no matter what phase is considered, seems never to lose its charm. Michael Williams once observed that "people who forget their ancestors and fail to honor their virtues and achievements quickly become vulgarians;" but the entirety of the American people, one is happy to report, cannot yet be classed as "vulgarian," for the interest in American history is solidly present and is destined to be enhanced.

That Catholicism thrives today in the states of the Mississippi and in Canada must apparently be accredited to those active, sturdy, saintly Jogueses,

Brebeufs, and Marquettes, who helped to mould the religious and civil life of these places. The tactics of the French, however nebulous at the time, are now quite clear. They captured the whole territory from the mouth of the Wabash, Illinois, Ohio, and Mississippi, to New Orleans. Truly the conquest of a continent! Ruins alone remain of the once formidable chain of forts and posts that stood guard over this highway from Quebec to New Orleans.

In his foreword the author explains that " 'From Quebec to New Orleans' is not intended to be an exhaustive history of the French colonies in America, or even in the Illinois country. It may be called a story somewhat gossipy, though documented, or a cursory summary of the high points, of the interesting and at times unique occurrences, with just enough explanation to establish in the mind of the reader a logical and casual connection between events. This determines the nature of the book."

Hardly anyone nowadays reads the brilliant, though one-sided pages of Francis Parkman. "Still, we should like to know what sort of men they were who lived at that time; we should like to close our eyes and sit and dream, and in our dreams re-people with the men and women of that distant time those places that were then the stages of life in this country—we should like to get in touch with their souls." "From Quebec to New Orleans" does just that. In it live the powerful, imposing Frontenac; the prince of French explorers, LaSalle; the builders D'Iberville and Beinville; the Indian chief, Pontiac; and these two well known generals, Montcalm and Wolfe. In a word, it is the high romance of the French priests, pioneers, and adventurers in North America. The Joliet-Marquette expedition, the Natchez massacre, the deportation of the Acadians, the fall of Quebec,

the expulsion of the Jesuits, the career of George Rogers Clark—all are remembered as “fascinating tales” of boyhood.

Dr. Schlarman throws an exhilarating freshness on the pages in which his clear and simple prose narrates with unflagging zeal the history of the French pioneers. His book is far from being a casual rehearsal of facts, theories, and discoveries of other scholars. It is the product of patient, enthusiastic work. His finely illustrated, beautifully printed, and well-documented story of the French in America is heartily recommended.



COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Ever on the look-out for something new and better in dramatic productions, the play-going audience of St. Joseph's was surprised, not to mention their delight, with the presentation of "A Victim of the Seal." This five act play is the most recent success of the Columbian Literary Society. In fact, it practically surmounts all previous laudable achievements in the field of Columbian dramatics during the present year.

This drama, because it was quite different from the ordinary play that deals with the quibblings and clap-trap of modern life, was able to sway the attention of the audience in accord with the portrayal of moods on the stage. From the premonition of impending difficulties that arose in the first act, the audience was swept into the gayety and laughter of

the pleasure-gardens. Then once more the discomfiture of an innocent man charged with murder took hold of the audience, leaving it deeply touched by the bigotry of the state's prosecution, together with the unjust decision of the jury. The aged father endeavors to establish his son's innocence, but is laughed to scorn for his attempts. The parting of father and son without a shadow of hope that they will again see each other, the sudden change of events and the joyous meeting of separated loved ones, and the final forgiveness are the chief dramatic incidents of the play.

Each actor portrayed his part with intense human feeling, the action of all the players being more than a mere repetition of memorized lines and mimicking gestures. It was actually living the parts, suffering, separation and sorrow, indulging hatreds, loving loyalty of friends and the true joy of good hearts, free from all guile and deceit that made this play remarkably impressive.

John Spalding, as the kindly parish priest of Ste. Victoire, carried a role that demanded complete self possession, and at the same time full surrender of self to the emotions and moods of the play. Charged, as he was, with a heinous crime, he could not defend himself; not even could he excuse himself for his father's benefit. Wracked by despair, he found his only consolation in misery with his God and prayer. His part was exceptionally well carried out in every detail.

The role of the aged father, whose sole happiness in life was to be close to his priestly son, was splendidly enacted by Leonard Cross. As the father feels convinced of the innocence of his son, in the face of certain conviction, he makes every possible effort to have him freed. His passionate appeal to the

court, his tearful voice and almost broken heart, are all merely laughed to scorn.

Bela Szemetko, villainous sacristan, moved by avarice and spite, casts all suspicion on the priest. By his pseudo-repentance he binds the priest by the seal of confession. Gloating over his cunning, he departs, and the poor parish priest must bear the brunt of the evil practiced upon him. "But there is no rest for the wicked!" Practically demented, the sacristan returns to the scene of his crime after five years of mental torture, confessing his guilt. Szemetko's interpretation of this villainous character was excellent.

An Irish servant, James Conroy, bubbling over with life and action, garrulous though he was, by his philosophical observations on the conduct of others, was a source of amusement. His brogue and smile were a great asset to his acting, which was above mere amateur work.

Joseph Sheeran, represented a typical old gentleman, who derived more pleasure out of living and doing good for others than out of anything else. Cletus Bihn, stern-visaged arbiter of the law, firmly pronounced sentence upon the man adjudged guilty.

The "Golden Rose" pleasure-gardens were the hang-out of anti-clericals and political schemers. With drinks and speeches they formulated their political careers and campaigns. Dominating as always, mayor Joseph Gibson did the thinking for his party. Ralph Bihn, son of the murdered man, was extremely vindictive in his bereavement. Mark Kelly, proved to be the steady conservative thinker of the crowd. Barkeep, James Elliott, was very much at home with his tray of glasses and white apron. Francis Bishop, Thomas Rieman, and Joseph Szanislo, supported the chorus of "Marsellaise." Thomas Harris, and Wil-

liam Coleman were used as end men in the jury scene.

Officers, Louis Stock, and Karl Wuest, garbed in colorful uniforms with their subordinates, Cletus Kern and Joseph Herod, stood for enforcement of law and order. Joseph Shaw, jailer, was exceedingly barbaric and gruff in his outward actions, but strangely kind-hearted toward his prisoner in certain respects. Ralph Boker, warden of the prison, was anxious to make amends for the unjust conviction of the innocent priest.

Counsel for the defense, Rouleau Joubert, put up an argument in defense of the accused priest that would have exonerated him immediately had it not been for the prejudiced minds of the jury members. Stern as it was, the appeal made by the state's prosecutor was evidently more convincing to the jury. Cynical in speech and action, Lawrence Grothouse, moved the jury by his crushing array of circumstantial evidence.

Henry Bucher, court clerk, made the impression of a zealous young man aiming at a higher goal in life. Louis Duray was frightfully scared by the catastrophe that had befallen his employer as was evident from his anxious queries about the son of the murdered man. Edmund Binsfeld, rector of the seminary, was a very unassuming, mild, and thoughtful individual for the office he represented.

To praise the efforts of the players would not be wholly sufficient in giving due credit for the success of "A Victim of the Seal." The real interpretative mind, and guiding hand of this production, as in all others, was Fr. I. J. Rapp, director and coach of the play. For the careful choice of the cast of the play, for the zeal with which he entered the rehearsals, and for his encouraging words, Fr. Rapp deserves sincere thanks.

NEWMAN CLUB

After due deliberation, the Newmans announced that April 21, is the date for their next public appearance. On this occasion they will present the play "Gus Enfield: Town Property," to which the cast has devoted very much time and effort. Most of the Club's activity has been centered upon debating, in which the members have shown deep interest, and in which they have made much progress.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

Amid the confusion caused by the spring-term examinations, the Dwengerites held their monthly meeting. Many features of general business interest were thoroughly discussed. Among the high points of the business was the election of a Paladin Leader. Without any hesitation whatsoever the assembly, as a single unit, voiced its approval of Joseph Otte, the president, to be the bearer of this singular distinction. And so, by popular acclamation, Mr. Otte was elected Paladin Leader.

The sophomores presented a one-act playlet, "Boniface Doer of Good," as the entertainment of the evening. Fr. G. F. Esser directed this play. The members of the Unit were glad to notice that many of the Faculty were present at this entertainment.



Ability is always deserving of recognition. In each man there is some latent power which he alone can develop and which if developed, constitutes him a separate, interesting, personable, original individual.

True, as Vergil, the sage old Roman has said: "No one man is able to do all things," but when we observe a man strikingly successful in one particular field of endeavor, we realize that he merits our respect, if only in some regard.

Usually we respect a man for his present ability, we forget his past successes, we remember his past failures—Human nature cropping out again, that's all. Just now, however, we're going to observe a phase of the college life of Rev. George Hassler, '05-'10, present pastor of St. Mary's Church, Ft. Wayne, Indiana, who visited St. Joe's on St. Pat's Day. After some literary excavations in the interests of college journalism we may well doubt whether St. Joe's has ever held a greater, a more consistent athlete. His presence graced every representative team of St. Joe's for five years. His leadership is attested, when we find that he was Captain and Manager of every prevailing sport at one time or another. Among St. Joe's many great baseball pitchers, he can easily be placed in the first rank. In his repertoire of curves, was a famous smoke-ball that had the habit of asserting itself just in time to continue being called his "Senior-haler." It is recorded in the latest volume of "Hearsay," written by I. M. Almost-Sure, that in the latter half of his Senior year, he was offered a Big-league contract. Boy, what a temptation; but he refused, continued his studies, and became what he had set out to be. Admiration for such a record is exceeded only by sincere appreciation of the sacrifice that his refusal meant to him. But then, it's just an example of what kind of men are needed for the Priesthood,—St. Joe's can furnish 'em.

The chill of a thrill goes tobogganing down my spine as I think of a certain day in the future, about

one month hence, ALUMNI DAY is coming, fact is, it's not far off. Tell the rest of the "Old Boys" about it, spread it around, get together and talk about it. One of you may donate the rubber tired engine and the rest'll pay for repairs and gas. Have you ever disobeyed a maternal summons? Well, your old school is calling now. Your Alma Mater, still the same as ever, beckons, pleads, implores, that for one day in the year you may forget all else and place yourself once more under her benign influence.

What's that? Sounded like the ditto of an echo shifting gears to go places and do things. Don't disappoint yourself. Be here. The day is May 20th.

About the annual ball-game, there are reasons for supposing that your chances for winning are very meagre, especially since Bill Puff, local wise-guy and would-be all-star athlete, has announced his candidacy for the Varsity Team.



St. Joseph's College,
April 15, 1931,
Collegeville, Ind.

Dear Darlingest Parents:

Things sure have been ahummin' around here during the last few weeks. Not so long ago we had another battle here, known as one of the four Collegevillian Wars. Yes sir, pa, I pulled the wet blanket over everybody a third time. You know, all the fellows expected me to be clean-up man in the exams, but I fooled them. Here's the way it happened. When the day before the examinations came, there

were a lot of things in the book which were not in my head. Naturally the only thing for me to do was to try and find some way to get more time for study. This problem made me the thinking man that I am now. I came to the conclusion that the only way to get more time was to 'burn midnight oil.'

Well and good! I stayed up that night till about midnight, but it didn't do me much good. You know, pa, it's kind of spooky to stay up by yourseif all night. Just as I got all set to start studying, I thought I heard footsteps come pitter-pat up the stairway. I'm telling you no lie, pa, when I say that I didn't breathe for two minutes straight. What worried me most, though, was my heart; it beat so loud just then that I had to 'double-up on the heart beats.' Afterwards I could have kicked myself when I found out that the footsteps were those of another 'midnight oil burner'—and nothing more.

Of course, I got a little mad at this fellow, but all I did to him was to call him a peripatetic. (This term means a night crawler; but don't let that bother you because there isn't much difference between a peripatetic and a night crawler).

So far not so good! The clock struck eleven already and I hadn't done two cents worth of storage work. Then I said to the other fellow: "What do you say, we study a little mathematics in partnership?" He said: "O. K. by me, fellow night crawler! Shoot me the quiz!" Pa, do you remember that problem about the eggs? Waal, I tried it on him. I said to him, says I, if one dozen eggs cost twenty six cents, how many can you get for a cent and a quarter? Well sir, that boy just sat there and tried and tried to caluculate, but he couldn't figure the problem out. I got tired of waiting, so I asked him if he'd 'give up.' He said yes. Then as I was going

to tell him the answer—BANG! A door slammed in the other room!

When I heard this, I repeated to myself the same words which Caesar spoke when he crossed the Rubicon: "The die is cast." The other fellow passed out, and my heart began to beat louder and louder, and faster and faster. I couldn't stand it any longer, so I woke the other fellow up and told him that we might as well give ourselves up to the law. Verily I say, pa, we were in dire straits. We braced ourselves as much as we could and walked into the next room. Waal, what in thunder do you suppose we found there? The door open wide,—darkness, and no human being who might have opened the door! Waal, blow me down, says I to myself, it was the wind and nothing more. And so far, far into the night.

That was all the studying we did that night. He went to bed and so did I. Next morning the fellows told me that all during the rest of the night they heard me shouting: "Get away from them swinging doors!"

I assure you, pa, that my grades would have been much better this time had it not been for the wind and the other fellow who tried to 'burn midnight oil' at the same time I did. I'll do better next time!!

It won't be long till Alumni Day. I can feel it in my bones that I'm going to be the 'man of the hour' in the big Alumni vs. Varsity baseball game. My old pitchin' arm is as good as ever. You don't know how easy it is to throw a spitball after hanging on to a hay fork all day during the summer. BILL PUFF is going to beat the ALUMNI!!!

Spring is here! The woodpeckers and sap suckers are my favorite birds. I like them so much that I can't keep them out of my head. I went out

in the orchard yesterday and started to write the following sonnet:

The sun shines bright on the flowers
While the rain keeps trickling down
On the head of a little sparrow,
Making him sneeze like a clown.

I make the rain fall on the sparrow's head because I don't like sparrows. I almost forgot to tell you, pa, that your big, big boy has the mumps. Maybe I worked too hard to get a high grade. If I still have the mumps when the May flowers start to bloom, don't expect to hear from

Your greatly smart son,
BILL PUFF

With the arrival of spring, the rush season was formally opened at St. Joseph's. Some events of this busy period have already been parceled out, while some as yet are unpacked.

March 15th proved to be a day of great importance for the members of the Third Year, since they made an initial attempt at 'facing the footlights.' By presenting "The Millionaire Janitor"—a two act comedy during a private program held in the auditorium, they gave ample indications of a lofty ambition to conquer the 'ups and downs' of dramatic life. Good luck, Thirds!

As usual, the Irishmen displayed all the green they had on St. Patrick's Day. It is surprising that someone does not see the possibility of writing a new song hit with the title "I'm looking at the world through green-colored glasses." Little time, however, could be found for debating the birthplace of St. Patrick because on the morning of the national holiday the 'call of the hike-day' was sounded, and in the afternoon 'the call of the town-day' lured most of

the students to Rensselaer. We, who do not claim to have been born in the land of the shamrock, feel grateful to the Irish for the free day.

March 25th will long be remembered by the students as the last day of the third quarterly examinations. The local professor of Public Speaking while listening to about one hundred and fifty orators, no doubt, has been extensively informed of the good and evil that exists in modern government, society, and religion. It seems that the weekly broadcasts of Father Charles Coughlin have exerted a definite influence on many of his listeners!!

In the future the Seniors will be able to think of March 25 as 'picture day.' Oh! Oh! Step into the parlor, folks, and see for yourselves. Forty nine intelligent looking collegians dressed in cap and gowns! On this day many startling facts were made known to some of the Seniors. Tom Clayton discovered that the position of his head portrayed a certain amount of intelligence; Louis Duray found out what it means to take a good picture; "Chuck" Sanger can't get over that 'certain something' in his eyes. Editor's Note: This certain something is present in Sanger's eyes through a mistake of the photographer, but "Chuck" cannot see it that way.

ALUMNI DAY!! What thoughts come to the mind of a student when he falls to dreaming about Alumni Day. The student, however, cannot be severely reprimanded for such conduct for what mortal is not susceptible to the joys found in this anticipation? Enough is said when we, the Local Editors, state that as the three hundred Spartans of old guarded the pass at Termopylae so the three hundred St. Joe men are preparing to withstand the

Alumni onslaught. Pick your team, Alumni! It won't be long! The MORE the MERRIER!

The students and members of the COLLEGIAN Staff extend sincere, heartfelt sympathies to Leonard Rancilio, who recently lost a brother by death, and to Francis Bishop who was bereft of his grandfather on March 29th.

DO YOU KNOW?

That Frank Novak is the only red and white-headed man at Collegeville?

That Jim Dwyer hails from Toledo, Ohio?

That the Downey boys are brothers?

That Timothy Doody is the greatest actor in Davis Hall?

That Fred Schroeder will soon make his debut on the stage?

That there is only one more quarter to go?

That "All's well that ends well?"

HONOR ROLL

Sixth Year: T. Rieman 96; W. Abrahamson 95-1-2; J. Shaw 95 3-7; L. Cross 95 2-7; C. Kruczek 95 1-7.

Fifth Year: C. Maloney, R. Nieset 96 5-7; H. Schnurr 95 3-7; L. Gollner 94 5-7; H. Connelly 93 5-6; L. Ernst 93 3-7.

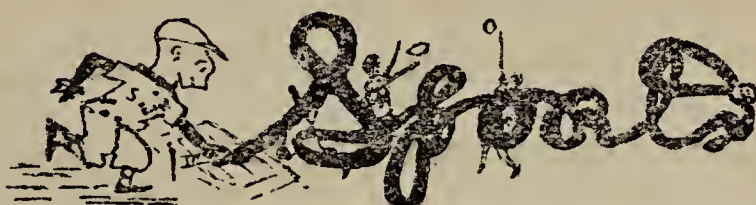
Fourth Year: V. Boarman, B. Glick 92 3-7; R. Dery 92 3-8; M. Vichuras 92 2-7; R. Leonard 91 4-7; C. Robbins 91 2-7.

Third Year: W. McKune 98 3-7; C. Vandagriff 96-6-7; J. Allgeier 96 1-3; A. Horrigan 96; T. Buren, C. Bowling 95 5-6.

Second Year: E. Hession 96 2-5; R. Steinhauser

95; J. Klinker 94 3-5; J. Quinn 92 4-5; V. Herman 92 2-5.

First Year: C. Gundlach 99 4-5; L. Arata 97 4-5; A. Ottenweller 97 1-5; B. Gensle 95 2-5; D. Muldoon 94 2-5.



FINAL SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Sixths -----	7	1	.875
Fifths -----	5	3	.625
Thirds -----	4	4	.500
Seconds -----	3	5	.375
Fourths -----	1	7	.125

FIFTHS, 33; SECONDS, 14

The Seconds ended their basketball season in direct opposition to the brilliant fashion in which they started it, for the Fifths went on a scoring spree to swamp the Seconds by the score of 33 to 14.

Nothing was lacking to the Fifths during this game. A good demonstration of basketball was given by their first team and a still better showing was made by their second string men. Especially did T. Downey and LaNoue give the rooters a surprise by their faultless performance.

FOURTHS, 19; THIRDS, 12

The Fourths by way of putting finishing touches to their basketball season, defeated the Thirds for the sake of winning their last and only game of the season.

The superb guarding of Bubala and Follmar,

coupled with periodic passing attacks of the Fourths which ended with a basket each by Ritter, Follmar, Bubala and Kemp, proved the undoing of the Thirds. The Thirds, however, were within striking distance several times during the first three periods but lacked the necessary strength to tie the score.

SIXTHS, 24; FIFTHS, 12

In a titular game that was marked by close guarding and fast floor work, the Sixths drubbed the Fifths by the score of 24 to 12, thus rising to the same championship heights which made them last year's pennant winners. The two teams passed the ball back and forth a few minutes, and then Mayer and Sheeran made free throws. Gibson and Zahn followed with goals from the field, and then Koller scored to put the Fifths ahead again. Matthieu tickled the net with one and Koller made a foul shot. Conroy scored twice only to have Maloney rob the Fifths of this lead by adding three points. Dreiling finally tossed in one from the foul line and the half ended 10 to 10.

Matthieu scored twice at the very outset of the second half. T. Downey and Conroy made good free throws, then Gibson, Cross, Maloney, and Matthieu counted in succession to give the Sixths a safe lead and the game.

FINAL JUNIOR LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Holy Terrors -----	6	1	.853
Tyros -----	5	2	.711
Seniors -----	2	4	.333
Senators -----	0	6	.000

SENIORS, 21; SENATORS, 10

Aided by Abrahamson's fairly accurate shooting, the Seniors defeated the Senators in another one-sided ball game. It is too bad, however, that Abrahamson waited until his Senior year to show what a sensational player he could be if he cared to show up. Perhaps Manager Sheeran could have used him on his team. We say that Abrahamson was the sensation of this game because through the good team work of Shenk and Mueller he succeeded in holding down two positions at once. His assigned position was forward, but at times he also became the center—the center of attraction.

TYROS, 17; HOLY TERRORS, 20

Showing symptoms of a disease, known in local parlance as "pennant fever," the Holy Terrors took down the Tyros twice in succession. Their first victory caused a deadlock in the Junior League, and the final whistle of the post-season game acclaimed them the winners of the Junior league pennant.

Piling up a safe lead early in the game they coasted listlessly to their first victory. On the contrary, in the second game, Iffert, Pank and Kuhlman of the Tyros were constantly feeding the meshes to keep the game on an even footing. So much so was this the case that things became alarming in the last quarter when Iffert scored five points and gave the Tyros a two-point lead. Miller then tied the score. At this magic moment, with the score tied and a minute left to play, Lemkuhl warmed the hearts and tingled the veins of the Holy Terrors by scoring three points to give them the victory. Schnurr and Nasser of the Holy Terrors, and Novak and Pank of the Tyros, also helped in making this game an interesting one.

FINAL ACADEMIC LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Fifths -----	8	1	.889
Sixths -----	7	2	.778
Thirds -----	4	4	.500
Fourths -----	1	7	.125
Seconds -----	1	7	.125

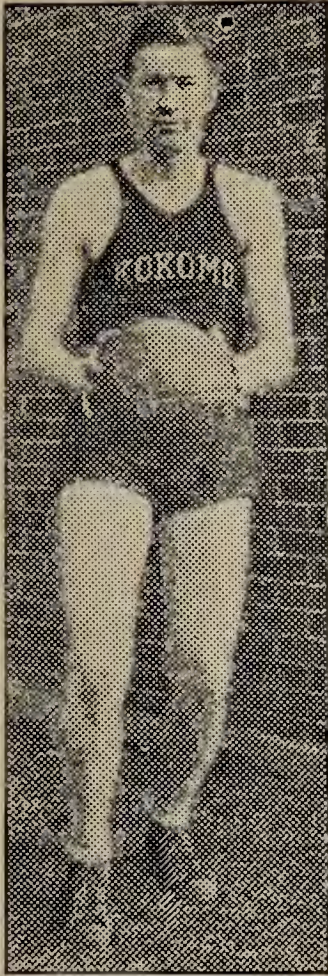
THIRDS, 17; SECONDS, 10

The players of the Third Ac team once more bathed themselves in the light of their coach's happy smile when they defeated the Seconds 17 to 10. Coach Conroy smiled all right when it was all over, but Bock and Minick of the Seconds at times made the Thirds look bad enough to cause a sigh of relief to accompany the smile when the final whistle had sounded. The Elder-Altieri-Rausch combination, however, by its frequent flashes of determined and skillful playing finally succeeded in bringing the Thirds out on top.

SIXTHS, 22; FOURTHS, 13

Say, wasn't there a team in the academic league answering to the name of the Fourths which was classed as a set-up? Well, if there was, the Sixths much to their astonishment, found out that the Fourth Acs are no longer the set-up that they were supposed to be, but, on the contrary, they are a greatly improved basketball team. The Fourths, of course, did not lead in the scoring during any part of the game, much less did they defeat the Sixths, but they did manage, however, to keep so near to the Sixth's total of points that a couple of baskets tossed by Besanceney in the final quarter, caused the fans to expect a hair-raising finish. Unfortunately, however, for the Fourths, Stock, Langhals, Popham, and Clayton also caught something of the enthusiasm which seemed to take possession of the Fourths and whipped

St. Joe's Best



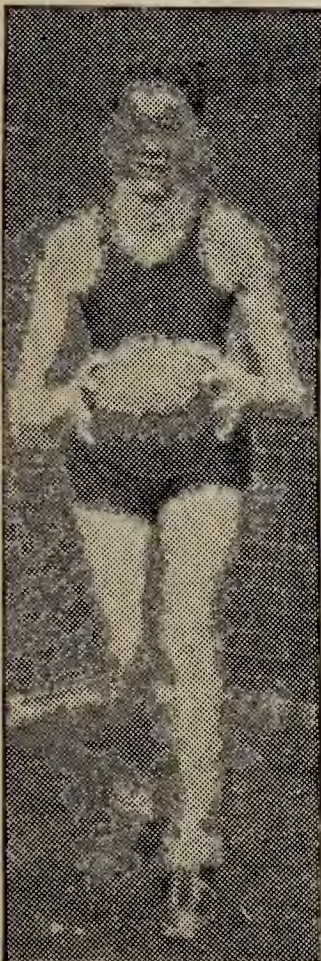
Joe Gibson
Forward & Captain



Robert Zahn
Guard



James Conroy
Center



Jerome Cook
Forward



Andrew Matthieu
Guard

'31

themselves into desperate action with the result that by the close of the final quarter they had piled up a good sized lead.

SIXTHS, 27; FIFTHS, 31

The Fifths showed an unwillingness to give up their title of "Ac Champions" when in a post season game they took a thriller from the Sixths. A week before, in the last game of the regular Ac season, the Fifths had dropped one to the Sixths, 12 to 19, thus causing a deadlock in the struggle for first place. Although the Sixths failed to duplicate their brilliant victory of a week previous, Duray, Stock, and Langhals, by their dazzling floor work and spectacular shooting, managed to keep the Sixths on the big end of the score throughout the first three periods. In the final period, however, Duray went out on fouls and Gollner and DeMars, star performers of the Fifths, became the center of attraction. The final shriek of the referee's whistle found the Fifths leading by a four point margin with the result that once more the Fifths are to be hailed as St. Joseph's "Ac Champs."

FINAL MIDGET LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Comets -----	7	1	.875
Netters -----	5	3	.625
Speedy Five -----	5	3	.625
Orioles -----	2	6	.250
Tigers -----	1	7	.125

NETTERS, 23; SPEEDY FIVE, 13

In another upset of the Midget League, the Netters defeated the Speedy Five team in the following manner: The players of the Netter team went up to the library and read books on hunting, until they caught something of the enthusiasm and skill used

by experienced hunters. Then they went down to the basket ball floor and trapped the Speedy Five with their nets and thus held them under their control winning by a 10 point margin.

TIGERS, 19; ORIOLES, 11

Coach Gibson's Tigers were turned loose from their cages with devastating results on the Orioles, thus causing the Orioles to share with them the last place of the Midget League.

This upset completed the series of upsets, which had taken place in the Midget League, since the Speedy Five team defeated the Comets.

And it was no other person than Leitner that led the Tigers to their first victory. Playing a faultless game, he scored 12 points, while Elder and Woodard of the Tigers and Hartlage of the Orioles also showed up to advantage.

COMETS, 24; NETTERS, 20

Before a big Saturday afternoon crowd of basketball fans, Coach Sheeran's Comets defeated the Netters to become the proud claimers of the pennant of the Midget League.

Ottenweller sank the first basket, giving the Netters the lead. And through the stellar playing of Granson and Wight, the Netters succeeded in retaining this lead until a few seconds before the half ended.

There was very little scoring done during the first part of the second half. At length, however, Bresnan, Beeler, Geimer and Rinderly, the main cogs of the Comets' scoring mechanism, broke down the gloom and gave themselves a seven point lead. The game finally ended up with the Comets stalling for time. It seemed that the star players of the Midget teams always received a jar when they bumped up against the Comets.

SENIOR ALL STAR TEAM

Second Team	Position	Third Team
Roth	Forward	Berg
Cross	Forward	Forsee
Sheeran (C)	Center	Follmar
Kienly	Guard	Mayer
Scheidler	Guard	Bubala (C)

ACADEMIC ALL STAR TEAM

First Team	Position	Second Team
Nardecchia (C)	Forward	Stock (C)
I. Vichuras	Forward	Kraff
Gollner	Center	Langhals
De Mars	Guard	Strasser
P. Elder	Guard	Glick

JUNIOR ALL STAR TEAM

First Team	Position	Second Team
Miller	Forward	Lefko (C)
Schnurr	Forward	J. Pank
Iffert	Center	Nasser
Lemkuhl	Guard	R. Bihn
Bucher (C)	Guard	Novak

MIDGET ALL STAR TEAM

First Team	Position	Second Team
Bresnan (C)	Forward	Woodard
Vandagriff	Forward	Ottenweller
Rinderly	Center	Granson
Welch	Guard	Beeler (C)
Gannon	Guard	Binkley

FIVE HIGH POINT MEN OF SENIOR LEAGUE

Name	Team	F. G.	F. T.	T. P.
Gibson	Sixths	27	9	63
Matthieu	Sixths	22	13	57
Scheidler	Thirds	16	16	48
Zahn	Fifths	20	6	46
Berg	Seconds	18	8	44

Humor

by
Cephalopod



First Little Boy: My father is down in the dumps.

Second Little Boy: What's the matter? Did something happen?

First Little Boy: Nāw, he's the junk collector.

Hospitable Hostess: You simply must stay with us; we're close to a beautiful old golf course.

Visitor—How old is it?

Hospitable Hostess: I'm not so sure, but my husband can remember some one going around it in '69.

Prohibition Officer: Sonny, d'ya wanta make \$5?

Mountaineer Boy: Shore. How?

Officer: I'll give you five if you take me up this creek to the whisky still.

Mountaineer: All right. Give me the five.

Officer: Oh, I'll pay you when we come back.

Mountaineer: Mister, you hain't comin' back.

"Has he a profession?"

"No, I understand he works."

Greven: One of my ancestors came over in the Mayflower.

Horvatic: Did he? How long is he going to stay?

Him: My grandfāther was a gold-digger in the Klondike.

Her: So was my grandmother.

Tatar: Horrible tortures they used on the Orientals, weren't they?

Bucher: How come?

Tatar: I've been reading how they plastered up chinks in the wall.

Big Shot: Yeah, I'm here for the Dyer's convention.

Bigger: That so? Where are you stain?

The Man at the Wheel (noting an inebriated gentleman): That reminds me. I must get the car oiled tomorrow.

Landlubber: What is a good cure for seasickness?

Sailor: Give it up.

"Why don't you get an alienist to examine your son?"

"No, sir! An American doctor is good enough for me."

Shaw: Don't you think the water is awfully hard here?

Horrigan: Yes, but you gotta remember it rains harder here.

Professor: Don't you know anything about literature?

Lenk: Sure, I've written to all the toothpaste companies for it.

Kemp: How do you like my Indian neckwear?

Egolf: Indian neckwear! What do you mean?

Kemp: Bow tie and Arrow collar.

"I've got my doubts about this liquor."

"Let's try it on Joe; he's sick, anyway."

An attorney who advertised for a chauffeur, when questioning a negro applicant, said: "How about you, George, are you married?"

"Naw, sir, boss; naw, sir; Ah makes mah own livin'."

Customer: I want some chicken croquettes.

Waiter: Fowl ball.

"You say your father was injured in an explosion? How did it happen?"

"Well, Mother said it was too much yeast, but Father said it was too much sugar."

Observing a young lady standing alone, the young man stepped up to her and said: "Pardon me, but you look like Helen Black."

"Yes," she replied, "but I look a helluva lot worse in white."

First Flapper: What did you have for lunch?

Second Flapper: Oh, I just had a double malted with an egg.

First One: Who was the egg?

Balback: What did you get in Latin?

Allgeier: 90. What did you get?

Balback: 91. What did you get in English?

Allgeier: Wait a minute. It's my turn now.

Joe (on town day): Where are you going to eat?

Jerry: Let's eat up the street.

Joe: Aw, no; I don't like pavement.

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Ann Harding in

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Metro News

Cartoon

Sunday, Monday, & Tuesday, April 26-27-28

William Haines in

"A TAILOR MADE MAN"

Comedy, Charlie Chase in "Pip from Pittsburg"

Pathe News

Wednesday, Thursday & Friday, April 29-30-May 1

Lew Ayres in

"THE DOORWAY TO HELL"

Metro News

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